

# **Sun Kissed Skin So Hot You'll Melt His Popsicle by HiorHeyAshton**

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**Summary:**

A fic in which Steve Harrington just wants to be tan like Billy Hargrove.

My thanks to Katy Perry for these ridiculous lyrics that lend themselves so well.

# Sun Kissed Skin So Hot You'll Melt His Popsicle

## Author's Note:

Inspired by me trying to fake tan like all those California girls. It worked fabulously until I stepped into natural light at Starbucks and realized I looked like a spotted oompa loompa. I had to rush home and hide in shame until the idea for this story popped into my head and I ran with it.

It a little after midnight on a Saturday night. Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove had thrown back a couple of beers and were keeping each other company through the twilight. They weren't friends per se, but they had gotten a lot closer after they seemingly ended up at the same spot at weird hours of the night a few times. Billy of course was avoiding being at home and around his father, and Steve was dealing with his insomnia and nightmares from "the incident".

Neither explained their reasons for being out at those hours, but they switched off bringing beer and entertainment. One night Steve had brought a stress ball and they both had thrown it back and forth to each other for 45 minutes in a competition to see who would drop it first. Steve lost, but only because the clouds had covered the moon at that moment and he didn't see it coming until it had smacked him in the face.

On this night though, they just had beer. The cans were scattered around and Steve grew restless.

"Billy, tell me a secret." Steve asked suddenly without warning.

Billy immediately tensed up. *What did Steve know about his home life? Was he fishing for something? Shit.*

But when he glanced over at the other boy, he was relieved to see that Steve wasn't even focused on him. He was looking up at the sky in a way that Billy could only describe as wistful.

"A secret huh? I got plenty of 'em Harrington, doesn't mean I'm going

to share them with you." Billy retorted.

"Ah come on Billy. Where's the fun in that?" Steve whined getting off the hood of his own car to come join Billy on the hood of his.

"What if I ask you about a specific secret, then will you tell me?" Steve looked at Billy imploringly. This game was no fun if Billy didn't play along.

Billy sucked in a large breath and then bit his lip before reluctantly acquiescing to Steve's demands. He could never say no to the guy, he was just never going to tell him that. *Fuck, I hope that's not what he wants to know about.*

"You win Harrington, but if you get to ask a secret, then so do I." The gleeful look on Steve's face fell and he narrowed his eyes suspiciously at Billy. He really hoped that Billy didn't ask about what happened in the fall because Steve didn't know what he would say, and he hated lying. Billy just grinned triumphantly.

"Ugh fine. You ruin everything." Steve sighed. Billy didn't like to see that glum look on Steve's face, so he threw him a bone.

"Why don't you go first princess, hmm?" Billy suggested. He knew Steve hated when he taunted him by calling him princess but Billy secretly loved it.

"You're an ass," Steve said rolling his eyes. "Alright fine. Ok, umm. The one thing I've always wanted to know is--how do you stay so tan here? I mean I know California people are supposed to be tan and everything. You go to the beach enough and get that color, but how the fuck are you still so dark when its still winter here in Indiana?"

Billy burst out laughing. "**THAT'S** what you want to know Harrington? Jesus that's hilarious." Billy was almost crying he was laughing so hard but mostly it was out of relief. He had been terrified that Steve was going to ask him about the marks or about his father.

Steve pouted and looked away. He was upset at Billy's response and didn't like that he was making fun of him. Steve really did want to

know how Billy kept his tan. Steve scooted himself almost all the way off the hood of the Camaro when he felt a hand on his wrist.

"Hey. I'm sorry alright. You just caught me off guard. Of all my potential secrets, that was not the one I was expecting." Billy's voice had softened. He didn't want Steve to leave. He felt bad for making the other boy upset. "Come back and I'll tell you. You can laugh at me if you want."

As annoyed as Steve was, his curiosity got the better of him and he returned to his former position against the windshield. Billy still had a grip on his wrist and didn't seem to want to let go so Steve just settled next to him and waited.

"Ok if you tell anyone this, I will kill you! Got it?" Billy threatened but he had a smirk on his face so Steve knew he was only teasing.

"The truth is, I use tanning lotion to keep this color. I have to go two towns over to get it. I use a shit ton to stay this dark because it reminds me of home and the beach." Billy looked down and saw that he was still holding Steve's wrist. He didn't let go. He just took his thumb and ran it back and forth over the pulse point there. He noticed the contrast between how dark he was and how pale Steve's skin was.

"Wow. Well obviously that shit works." Steve said finally. That was not the answer he was expecting but he was content nonetheless because now he knew Billy's secret.

"Alright my turn asshole." Billy nudged Steve's shoulder playfully with his and released his wrist. They had gotten too serious and Billy didn't like it. Steve waited in apprehension for what Billy was going to ask.

"What I want to know is--"Billy paused for dramatic effect licking his bottom lip slightly which drew Steve's attention"--how does King Steve get his magical locks?"

Steve released the breath he had been holding and genuinely smiled. Billy was asking about his hair, because of course he was. Steve reckoned Billy spent more time in the mirror and on his own hair

than Steve did.

"I always knew you were jealous Hargrove. Well if you must know, the secret is, when you have damp hair, you do four puffs of Farrah Fawcett spray. And if you tell anyone THAT, I will kill you." Billy smiled gleefully at Steve.

*Of course this idiot uses Farrah Fawcett spray.*

They stayed out another half an hour before deciding to head their separate ways.

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It had been two weeks and Steve could not stop thinking about the nighttime conversation he and Billy had. He was wearing pair of shorts and no shirt while he examined himself in the mirror of his bedroom.

He wasn't hideous looking. That was obvious by the moniker of "King Steve" that had been given to him by his high school peers. But he was just okay. Nothing compared to the bronze God the Billy was.

That was when Steve had a brilliant idea. He scrutinized his pale skin.

*Bronze God. That's it! I need to be bronze like Billy!!*

Steve decided that a tan was what was missing from his look. If he could achieve that tan, then he would be irresistible, and more importantly, maybe Billy Hargrove would finally take notice.

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When the weekend rolled around, Steve drove out to Kokomo which happened to be "two towns over" from Hawkins. Steve wasn't sure if that was where Billy went to get the goods, but he figured since it was a bigger city there was a good chance of this being it.

He perused the aisles of the store slowly not wanting to have to ask for help to find the lotion because that would be embarrassing.

Once he spotted the product, a bought of anxiety slowly settled into Steve because there were so many different brands and types. What's the difference between sun kissed and radiant glow??? Fair or medium or dark??

*I should have really pressed Billy for more details about which product he uses.*

Finally Steve just decided *fuck it*, and grabbed one called "California Gurls" because Billy was from California so it must be good.

Excitement bubbled up inside Steve when he got home because he couldn't wait to try the lotion out. He read the instructions carefully. Basically he had to scrub a layer of his skin off, and then apply the lotion in an even coat while letting it air dry. Then he would be good to go and sun kissed golden!

Steve knew his mother kept an extra loofah under her sink. He stole it from her bathroom and then returned to his laboratory aka his bathroom. He wet the loofah and added some soap before scrubbing his legs, arms, and upper body down. He was pretty sure he was done when he was pink allover and he didn't want to scrub anymore. He cautiously towel dried everything off and then it was lotion time!

He squirted some out onto his hands and just shrugged before coating himself with it. He tried to keep it even like the package had said. He hummed while he worked, a little Billy Idol and got lost in what he was doing. He liked the smell of the lotion, it was coconut which is what Steve figured the beach smelled like. He had never been, but he imagined anyone that went to the beach smelled like coconut including Billy.

When he was done, he surveyed his work and seem pleased. He waited until his body was dry to the touch and then dared to get dressed again. He would be tan soon!

Since it was still early, and his parents weren't home per usual, Steve went downstairs and flipped the tv on. He watched a movie and then

headed upstairs to get ready for bed.

Steve was disappointed though, because when he glanced in the mirror, he was only a tiny bit darker than he previously was. He figured another layer of the stuff couldn't hurt. He repeated the process and again waited until it was dry before putting his pajamas on and going to bed.

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The next morning Steve had forgotten about his quest for sun kissed skin. He got up and went downstairs to have some cereal. He retrieved the paper and read the sports section. It wasn't until he went for a shower and saw his reflection that he froze in shock.

*I'M FINALLY TAN. Eat your heart out Billy Hargrove!!*

Steve couldn't help turning this way and that admiring himself. He looked pretty damn good if he had to say so himself. The tan turned out fantastic and he looked great.

What Steve didn't notice was how blotchy and orange his legs looked. He hadn't applied the lotion as evenly on his legs so there were orange streaks and patches covering his legs and the tops of his feet.

Luckily without knowing it, the jeans that Steve had selected to wear covered it.

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On Monday, Steve was the talk of the school. Everyone was whispering about how Steve Harrington had flown to the beach for the weekend and gotten his tan. Since Steve's parents were wealthy it seemed plausible. All the girls swarmed him incessantly and batted their eyelashes at him. Steve knew he looked good, but he was still waiting for the one person he cared about to make their opinion known.

It wasn't until gym when Billy had purposely changed very slowly into his gym clothes that he got to tell Steve what he thought about

his new tan. Steve was standing there shirtless in his jeans when Billy sauntered up to the locker next to Steve's and leaned back on his shoulder catching Steve's attention.

"Well, well Harrington. Looks like you've been out in the sun." Billy said lowly giving Steve a very slow once over letting his eyes trail from Steve's feet up to his eyes.

Steve swallowed at Billy's vocal key change but then smirked proudly back at Billy. His plan had worked!!

Steve wanted to keep this going between him and Billy but then they heard the coach's whistle from inside the gym meaning class was starting. Billy went back to shut his locker and Steve quickly took off his jeans and put on the dolphin shorts they were required to wear.

When Billy walked back towards Steve he froze mid step. "Oh dear Harrington, you didn't wait long enough for it to dry did you." Billy was trying not to laugh but Steve's legs looked so bad. How had the guy not seen that?

"What?" Steve questioned before following Billy's gaze down to his legs. In the lights of the locker room Steve could finally clearly see his legs and how splotchy they looked. He panicked not knowing how he was going to be able to face everyone in gym. It was bad enough that Billy Hargrove had to be the one to see him like this. All that hard work to be enticing ruined.

Steve just sat down on the bench and pulled his knees up to his chest looking downtrodden.

The coach blew his whistle again and yelled "Harrington! Hargrove! Let's go!"

"Don't worry princess, I got you. Wait right here." Billy reassured coming over to Steve and giving him a squeeze on the shoulder leaning down to make eye contact with him.

Steve didn't reply but he just stayed there in that position because he had no other option and he didn't know what Billy was going to do.

Billy ran out into the gym searching for the coach.



"Hey coach, Harrington ran into his own locker door and fainted. I think he's concussed." Billy feigned nonchalance because he knew he had to seem disinterested for this to work.

The coach rolled his eyes. Harrington was such a spazz that the coach didn't even bat an eye at the excuse. "For God's sake Harrington!" The coach exclaimed in exasperation. "Take him to the nurse Hargrove."

Billy didn't need to be told twice. He ran back into the locker room to Steve before kneeling down to be eye level with him. He gave him another shoulder squeeze but let his hand linger this time while he spoke quickly.

"Listen, I told the coach you concussed yourself. If we go through the back door now, we can probably make it to the cars without anyone noticing. Let's just ditch the rest of the day and I'll help you fix this situation you have going on."

Steve felt relieved. He did not want to face his peers looking like that. He would've gone from King Steve to social outcast Steve in a manner of seconds. He was still mortified that Billy could see the mess on his legs, but he was comforted by the fact that Billy was helping him and had his back.

"Ok. We can go to my place. My parents aren't home."

Billy and Steve immediately put the clothes they had worn to school on and then snuck out the back door. They both looked both ways and couldn't see any teachers outside on a smoke break so they booked it to the parking lot.

"Follow me" was all Steve said as he hopped in his BMW.

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When they got back to the Harrington residence, Billy followed Steve into his house. Steve looked upset and refused to meet Billy's eyes.

Before Billy knew what he was doing he had crowded into Steve's space and tilted Steve's chin up to meet his eyes.

"Hey. Don't worry. This is totally fixable. We'll have you back to flawless tan in no time and no one will be the wiser." Billy said giving Steve a wink.

That made Steve smile so he nodded.

"So uh how do I fix this?" Steve asked rubbing the back of his neck nervously. Billy was still standing in his space and it was making him twitch.

"Ok we need some lemon juice and something to scrub that mess on your legs off." Billy went into concentration mode. After tanning himself for months he was perfect at it, but when he had first started--his body looked even worse than Steve's did now.

"Umm there's a lemon tree out back and I have a loofah that I stole from my mom." Steve admitted sheepishly. He didn't want Billy to laugh at him about the stupid powderpuff pink loofah.

"Perfect. I'll get the lemons. You start trying to scrub that crap off with soap and then we'll go from there."

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After a few minutes, Billy joined Steve in his bathroom. The sounds of running water and the stream of profanities spewing from Steve's mouth led Billy up the stairs and into Steve's bathroom which was bigger than his living room.

Billy paused in the doorway just watching Steve. *He looks cute like this.* He thought.

Steve had jumped up on the counter and had both his feet in the sink, and was currently trying to remove all the skin on his knee with the loofah. His face was scrunched up in concentration, displeasure apparent on his face.

He glanced up when he heard Billy chuckling to himself.

"Ok dispshit, stop standing there like a pretty statue and come help me please!" Steve commanded once he noticed Billy didn't seem to be in any hurry to help him alleviate this situation.

Billy's eyebrows raised a bit at the mention of him being "pretty" but he let it slide and came over to Steve with some sliced lemons.

"Alright calm down. Let's just pour this lemon juice on and then scrub a little less aggressively and that should help the color come out." Billy instructed as he squeezed the first lemon over Steve's leg.

The bathroom became perfumed with the scent of lemons. Steve started scrubbing a little less hard with the loofah before Billy just rolled his eyes and wordlessly grabbed the thing from Steve.

Steve just stared in shock as Billy Hargrove gingerly scrubbed his leg with a bright pink loofah. He didn't think this was reality. Surely he was stuck in the upside down and this was some parallel universe.

Billy didn't meet Steve's eyes but instead focused on the task at hand. He knew that if he stopped to think about what he was doing that he would be in trouble because even now he was tempted to do something rash.

After a few minutes, all the orange had dissipated from Steve's legs. Billy looked up triumphantly and Steve blushed. He towel dried his legs and then looked at Billy expectantly for what was next.

Billy cleared his throat and then asked Steve to give him the lotion he used so that he could show him how to apply it properly.

When Steve handed him the bottle, Billy's eyes almost bugged out of his head.

"Not **this** brand Steve!! How could you??" Billy was crying he was laughing so hard. Steve had grabbed the California Gurls tanning lotion. Everyone with sense knew that this was the crappiest one you could buy. The only people who used this were old people who's skin was already practically orange leather to begin with so the crappy quality of the lotion didn't really matter.

"I mean did you even read this for crying out loud?? The description promises "sun kissed skin so hot you'll melt his popsicle." Billy had to clutch onto the counter to keep himself upright.

"I mean Jesus Christ Steve **WHAT** were you thinking??" Billy was

still hysterically laughing. At first Steve was upset by his words but then when Billy read the description of the lotion out loud, he couldn't help but join in with the laughter. What **HAD** he been thinking indeed.

"I'm sorry!! I just wanted to be tan like you." Steve said before realizing that those words had slipped out.

That stopped Billy from laughing and made him still.

"Why would you ever want to be like me Steve? I'm nothing to try and imitate." Billy mumbled using Steve's first name in a rare moment.

"Because...you're perfect." Steve admitted. He had already come this far, he might as well go all the way with this thing.

Billy snorted in response but let Steve continue.

"You've got the car, and the muscles, and the attitude, and the confidence. But the tan, the tan is something that only YOU have. No one else in Hawkins can even come close." Steve was trying to make what he felt make sense. True he wasn't just after Billy's tan. He wanted Billy's approval. He wanted Billy to see how he felt about him and hopefully return those feelings.

Billy was quiet for a moment.

"Steve Harrington. The only person you should be trying to be is your weird ass self." Billy finally replied. Steve didn't know how to take that. It was such a cliché statement.

"But I must admit, you look sexy as fuck with a tan." Billy gave Steve his signature smirk and smacked him on the leg.

That made everything that Steve had gone through worth it. He supposed he had California Gurls to thank for his boyfriend.

**Author's Note:**

I just love the idea of Billy and Steve.

Hope ya'll enjoyed this randomness. I don't know if lemon juice actually works but I've heard it rumored and I plan on trying it myself on my orange ass legs.